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The Snow Storm.

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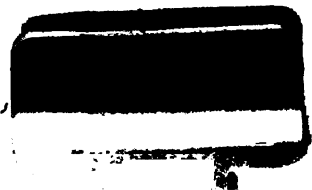
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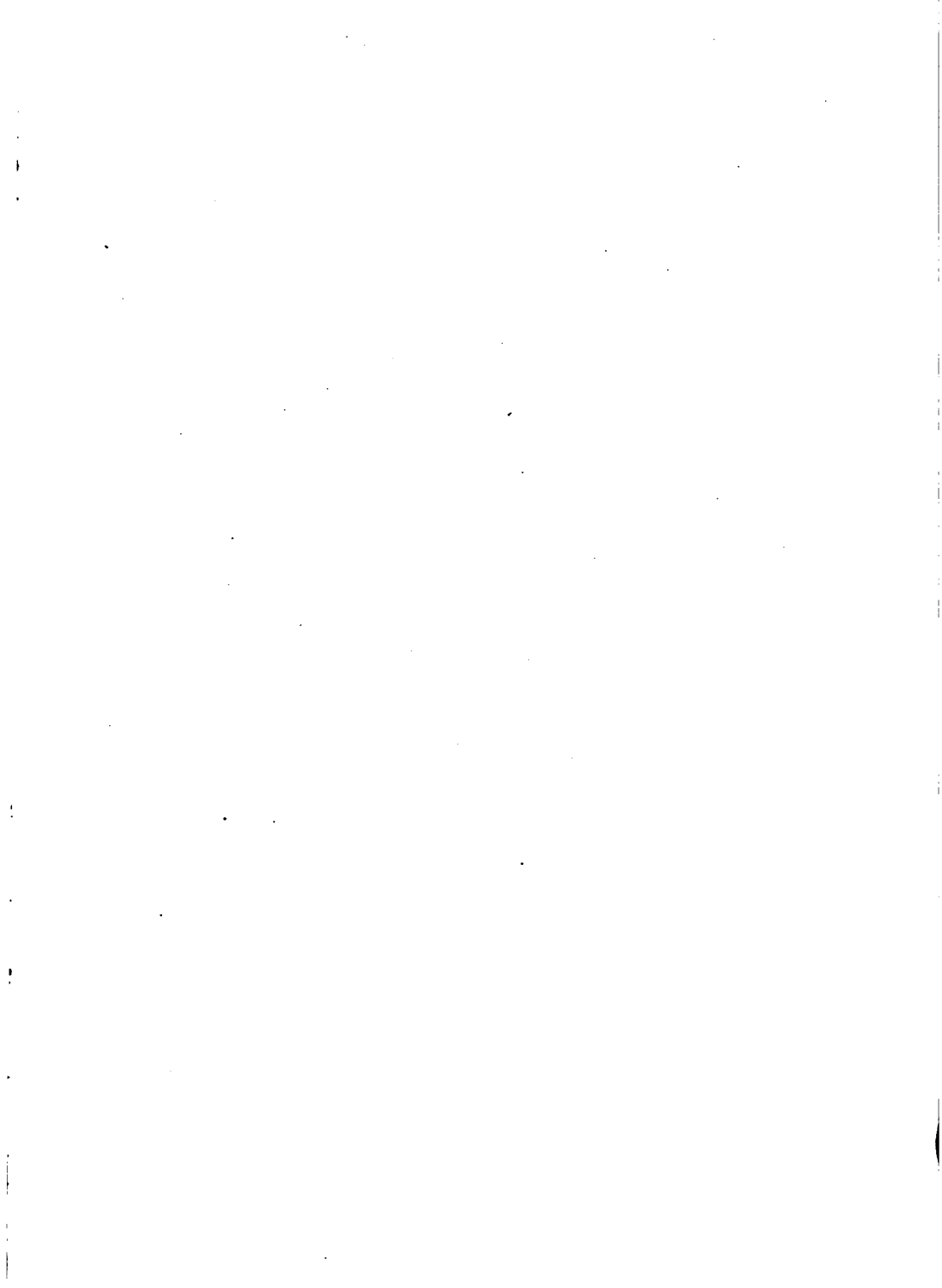
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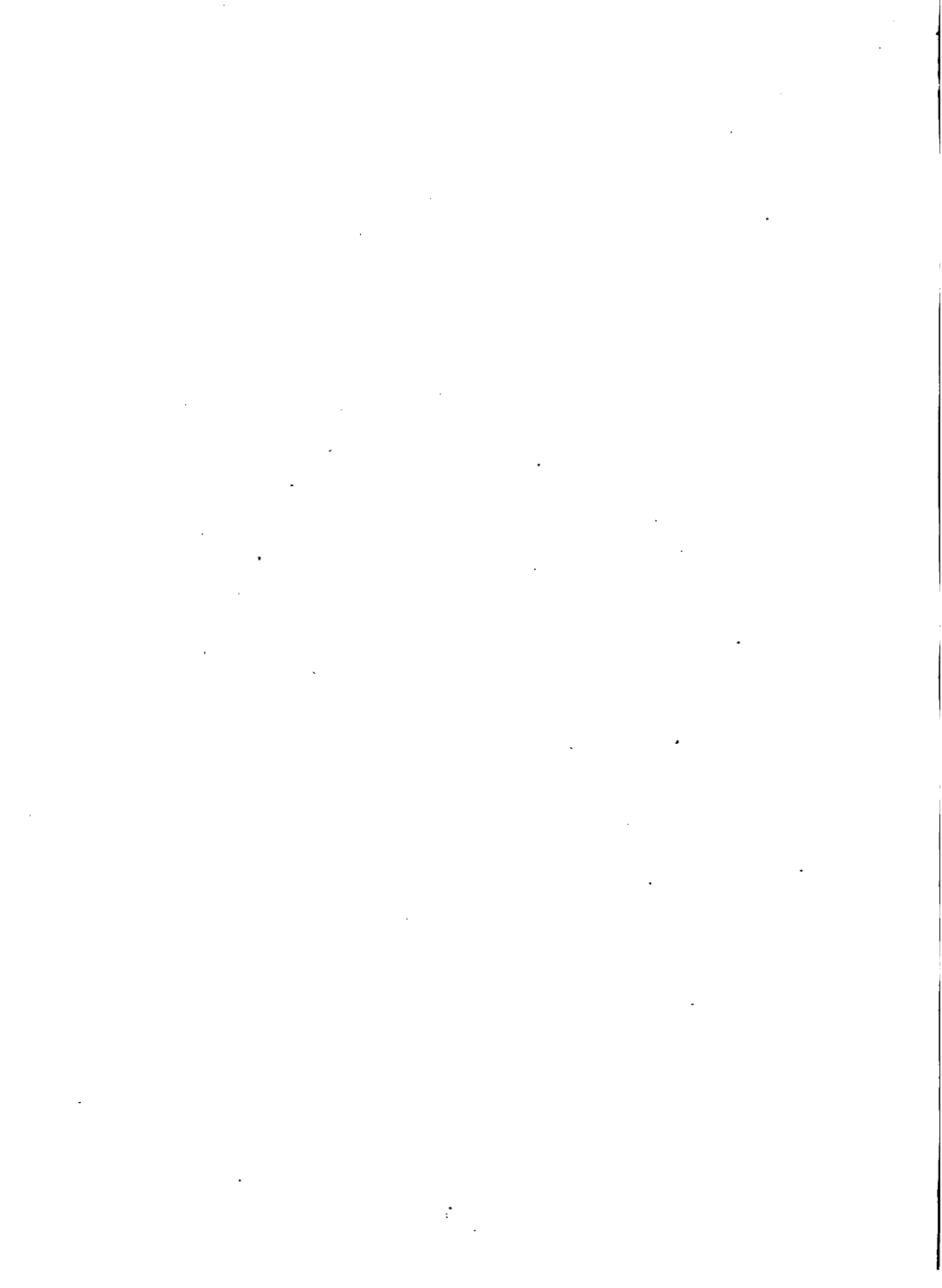
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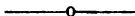




THE
SNOW STORM.



ESTHER M. BOURNE.



SAN FRANCISCO:
AGNEW & DEFFEBACH, PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS, 125 SANSOME STREET.
1857.

69926



APOLOGY or reason for presenting to the public the following series of Poetic Pictures by My Daughter, is unnecessary ; yet I deem it proper to state that I do so

First—As a Tribute, however trivial, to Her Genius.

Next—Because it is a graceful and graphic reminiscence of scenes and incidents familiar and dear to the memories of the youthful days of the men and women of California, who claim for their own, their native land, the northern country, where fruitful summers and healthful labors are followed by stern winters, with their long evenings, cheerful firesides, pleasant recreation, mental improvement, and scenes such as are described in the Poem, which they will not only appreciate and admire, but thank me for.

Lastly—though not least—That I may express some sentiments in relation to a subject of deep import to the rising generation, if not to that which is now “upon the stage of action,” and give them a more permanent position than through the ordinary channels of the Press.

Almost every man and woman has a vivid recollection of the terrors of school days ; of the acts of injustice, tyranny and cruelty inflicted by their teachers. I certainly have.

Very deficient from birth in number, acquisitiveness and secretiveness, (so styled by the phrenologists,) in my childish days arithmetic was so profound a mystery that I could scarcely comprehend that “two and two make four ;” yet I was required to perform the same “sums” as those who, from their different mental conformation, delighted in figures. It being impossible to comply, I was “cut” and “threshed” with hickory or other rods, until my flesh would not only be much bruised but also “raw.” At last, to obviate such suffering, I yielded to the teachings of those boys who compassionated me, and commenced a *game of deceit* by hiring and begging the doing of my “sums” by those who were competent. If unfortunately they committed an error, I paid the penalty by receiving a “good threshing.” Thus the brute of a teacher *forced* me to *learn* and *practice* fraud and deception, against which my small secretiveness and

large conscientiousness constantly rebelled. In reading and spelling I always led my class, yet for my natural deficiency in figures I was cruelly, almost murderously, treated, to make "the idle little rascal cypher." Witnessing that others who cyphered well were always being "threshed" for deficiencies in reading, spelling, etc., so indelible an impression was made upon my mind of some great wrong somewhere, that on arriving at manhood I determined that no child of mine should ever enter school if such ignoramuses were teachers and such "systems" pursued.

Alas! to this day it remains nearly the same; and here, in San Francisco too, among "the most intelligent people upon earth," (!) we have the melancholy spectacle of teachers brought before the Police Court; one for nearly pulling off the ear of a little girl; another for cruelly and brutally "cownhiding" a boy until his back was made "raw," with other cruelties, though some not so flagitious as to call imperatively for Police interference. The same practices prevail almost universally throughout all civilized countries.

The miserable "system" (unworthy the term) is at fault. Teachers, instead of being selected for their peculiar fitness, quite commonly are political favorites or relatives of influential persons. Persons who are fit for nothing, and who do nothing, often take upon themselves or are appointed to the responsible office of teacher for—a livelihood. Very frequently, in fact very generally, they are *miserable dyspeptics*, who bring all their irritability and suffering into the school room, and vent their splenetic feelings upon their unfortunate pupils. Beside, the male teacher is almost always addicted to the use of filthy tobacco, either in smoking, chewing or snuffing, and also is obnoxious to the charge of using intoxicating liquors, all productive of nervous irritability and physical and mental unfitness; added to which, the more serious consideration of the evil moral effect of such example upon the minds of the children committed to his charge.

Viewing the crude "school system" and its inculcators and exponents in the light in which I view them as a whole, it will not surprise the reader when I remark that the author of the following Poem was never permitted to attend school until well advanced in her "teens," and but a short period before it was written. She then had attended but a few weeks when one of those numerous acts of injustice so commonly perpetrated in the school room was inflicted upon her; and though the wrong was privately admitted, it was not and would not be as publicly atoned for as committed. She was therefore withdrawn from school, [schools, therefore, are not the all-essential of education,] and to the remembrance of that occurrence—

my own experience—as well as the recent outrages committed in San Francisco, is this indignant statement of my views, and this PUBLIC PROTEST against the almost worthless school system of the past and present, to be attributed.

Our youth demand better teachers and a better system of education—they must have them. They will have them when teachers are PHRENOLOGICALLY selected for *their fitness*; and for a “school system” they have a PHRENOLOGICAL basis, with PHRENOLOGICAL SCHOOLS—schools in which their MINDS AND BODIES WILL BE EDUCATED IN ACCORD WITH THEIR NEED—schools wherein the great and profound truths of Nature will be the rudimental and fundamental of all their teachings, and effective *incentives*, etc., be substituted for humiliating, debasing and brutalizing *punishment*. Then school days will indeed be the hylcyon period of life, ever to be fondly reverted to in all after years.

YOUNG AMERICANS! Inform yourselves in relation to their importance, and then unite in an unceasing demand for PHRENOLOGICAL SCHOOLS, and if you cannot have them, at least RESOLVE THAT YOUR CHILDREN SHALL.

The moral which may be drawn from my own experience is a sufficient warrant for its presentation to the public, and will, I trust, have its due influence upon those whose retrospect is confirmatory of the truthfulness of the picture which I have drawn; and if it be the means of arousing only one intelligent and influential mind to the merit of a due investigation of such a “SYSTEM” as PHRENOLOGY would inaugurate, the object which I have in view will be accomplished.

I wish to know that *the brutality of flogging* is abolished in schools as well as in the public service of the United States and our merchant marine; and that the MINDS AND BODIES of CHILDREN are to be SCIENTIFICALLY, HAPPILY and DULY DEVELOPED.

I wish also to be distinctly understood as recognizing the fact that there are teachers who are not brutal and tyrannical; who are not addicted to the odious habits of using tobacco and liquors; and that there are those who do not suffer from the curse of ill health; and that there may also be many who disapprove of the wretched “system” by which they are governed and compelled to act—but I sincerely believe they form the exceptions.

The illustrations are Californian. To Mr. NAHL, the artist, I am chiefly indebted for the drawings; to Mr. DURBIN VAN VLECK, a genuine young American, for their clever cutting.

G. M. BOURNE .

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1857.

THE SNOW STORM.

The beauteous snow has come at last.—

Athwart the sky

In feath'ry flakes, 'tis falling fast ;

They fly! they fly!

In quaint, fantastic shapes 'tis cast,

On all that 's nigh.



All o'er the bleak and wide expanse,

A mantle white

Is thrown. Far as the eye can glance,

Most dazzling sight,

The snow-wreaths in their merry dance,

Wear robes of light!

O'er meadow, orchard, field and plain,
How swift they go!
Each post and rail along the lane—
The grass tufts low—
In vestments white are wrapp'd again,
With snow, with snow.



And now it whirls in mimic war
Along the hedge;
In eddying gusts, 'tis flying far,
Across its edge;
Its glist'ning white there 's nought to mar,
On the low sedge.

Along the road how deep its fall ;
There 's not a sound ;
In silence weird, unbroken all,
It lays :—no ground
Is seen ; no noise ; the snow-birds, small,
Look sadly 'round.



With snow it all is cover'd o'er ;
The flakes, pure white,
Are gently falling, more and more,
So soft and bright.
The children at the cottage door
Shout with delight!

The snow is falling soft and fast
Upon the ground ;
Its curls upon the trees are cast,
Low drooping 'round.
Jack Frost, with magic chain, at last,
The earth has bound.



Athwart the road a snow-drift high
Is swelling yet ;
Now let the fragile sleigh draw nigh,
It will up-set :
Out falls the group, who, warm and dry
Get cold and wet.

The boys are coming home from school—
The snow-balls fly
'Mid laughter loud—no care, no rule—
Now low, now high.
'Midst merry shouts, with hands so cold,
Some laugh, some cry.



They soon will grasp the snow, and mould
A quaint Snow-Man ;
An image strange, with air so bold,
They 've quick began ;
And when his head is nicely roll'd,
Upright he 'll stand !.

And then he 's done; a curious sight
To Southron eye.
Their sleds they 've brought, and with delight,
"Let 's home," they cry.
The snow storm now has reach'd its height,
And evening 's nigh.



The winds sweep low with gentle moan,
O'er meadows wide—
'Round hill-side bleak :—in forest lone
They seem to hide.
The drifted snow is lightly blown
From side to side.

The snow has ceas'd ; it falls no more ;
The wintry air
Is blowing cold ; the cottage door
Is shut with care.
The moon her light is pouring o'er
The landscape fair.



To deck the earth, the Elves have task'd
Their fancies bright ;
It seems as if it all had bask'd
In silv'ry light !
Each tree and vine they 've surely mask'd
In garments white.

Advent'rous youth prepares the sleigh ;
The fiery steed
Impatient stands.—Away! away
With lightning speed
They soon will glide, 'mid laughter gay—
One takes the lead!



The silv'ry bells, with pleasant sound,
Are jingling glad ;
The dainty horse they clasp around—
In music clad—
Excited by them, o'er the ground
He flies! like mad.

While merry jests, from rosy lips,
Come quick and low,
The Frost-King, with cold fingers, nips
Their noses, oh!
In joyous sport they crack their whips,
And course the snow.

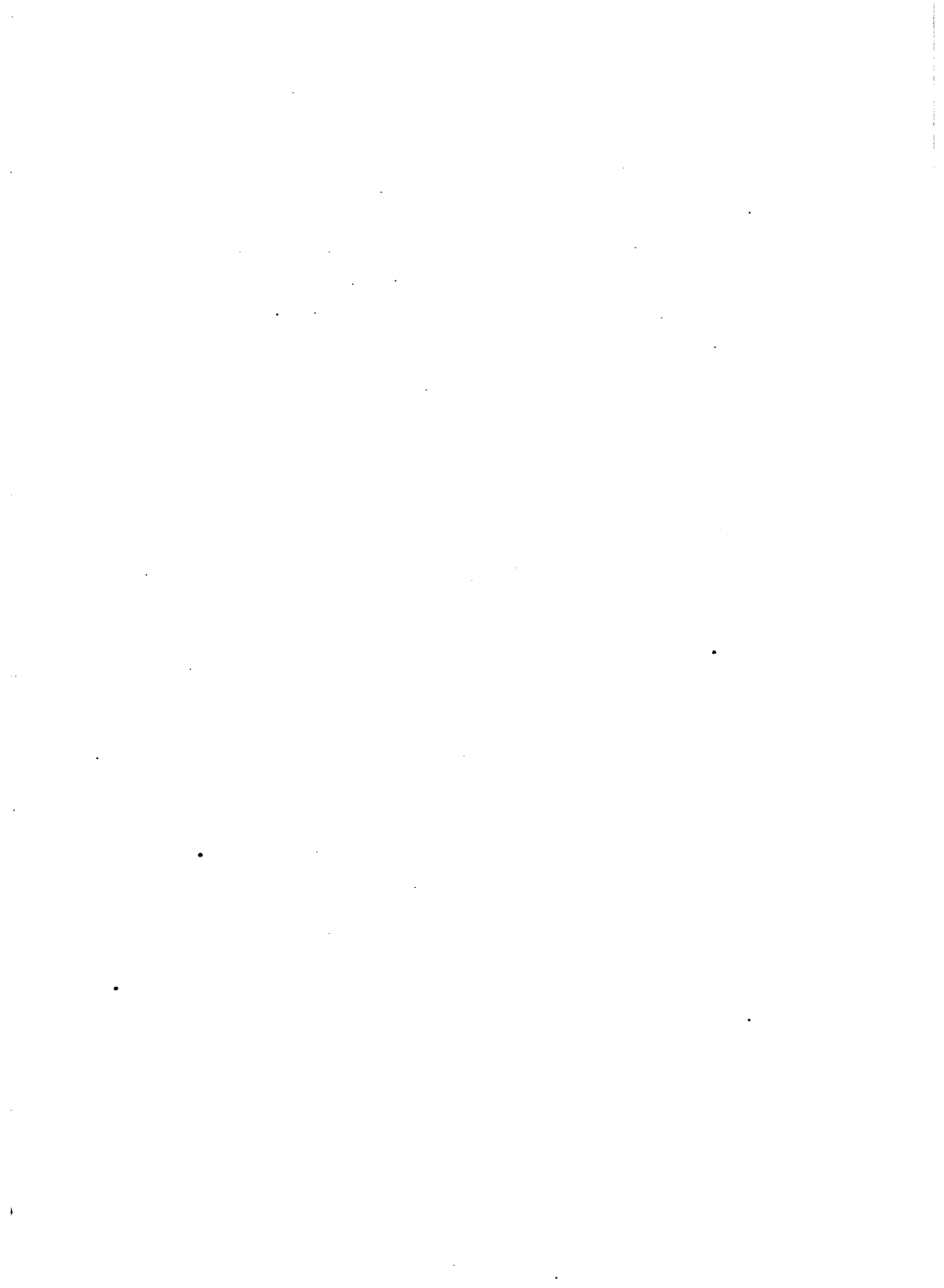


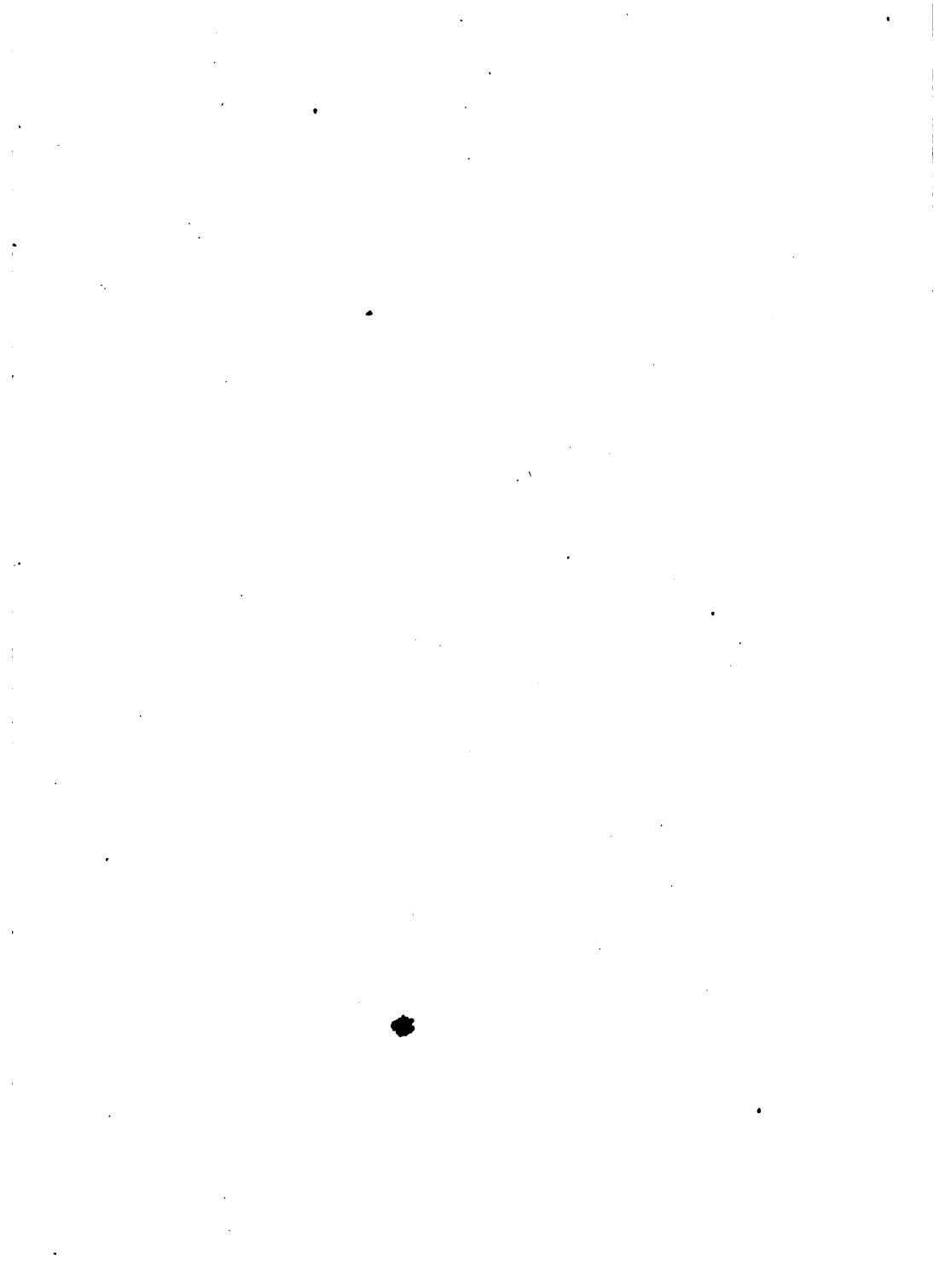
On, on they race, and gaily cry,
"We 'll soon be there!"
And sparkles bright each girlish eye—
They 've not a care—
While whisper'd words and kisses sly
Float on the air.

The pleasant evening now has pass'd,
And home they go:
O'er road and lane they 're driving fast—
How crisp the snow!
And wearied eyes are closed at last—
In sleep? Oh, no!



The moonlight soft is falling o'er
The earth below;
A holy sight, as if to lure
Man's thoughts from woe;
So gentle, and so pure, it lays
Upon the snow.





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